

# THE DAILY HOME AND MAGAZINE PAGES

## Tells Ministers To Eat Onions For Eloquence

By THE CRITIC.

ONE of those food faddists told an assemblage of ministers in Los Angeles the other day that any minister who eats three or four meals a day is a drunkard. He alleged his surprise that the saloonkeepers did not awake and "show up" some of the ministers of the city. He went on:

"A minister should not eat mince pie, roast pork, fried potatoes or beef bouillon. He should eat sixty grams of beef, fish, eggs, whole wheat bread, beans or peas. To preach the best sermons he should eat raw vegetables, salads and nut onions."

Naturally, the ministers must have been keenly stung by this rebuke. Every body knows what enormous feeders ministers are. The average salary of a minister is about \$200 a year, and it will readily be seen that they can easily overeat on this and have plenty left for the purchase of fine clerical robes, for books and for other luxuries. It is actually shocking to see a minister devour roast pork.

And it is an actual fact that there are ministers right here in our own beautiful city of Washington who have eaten mince pie, I shall not, however, lay their shame before their people and the rest of the community by naming them. That there are some of the cloth who live near Dupont circle, who are addicted to fried potatoes, and beef bouillon I know to be a fact—a sad fact, but a fact.

This expert gave the ministers wholesome advice as to what to eat. The beef, fish, eggs, whole wheat bread, beans or peas is just what a clergyman needs to make him spiritual and inspiring. A delicate diet like that, for instance, conduces to nobility of thought. He should beware, however, of eating too many nuts. It is well known that they may make one "nutty."

Let moderation in all things be the rule for ministers, and for all ministers. Give for ordinary purposes. On it they can do their regular parochial work and preach plain sermons. But note that something else is required for the best sermons, as, for instance, when the President is one of the congregation. The inspiring effect of a raw turnip is familiar to every barefooted boy who ever slid down the cold earth in his father's field.

Onions and Lobsters Approved.

And salad. Think of the sermon that could be preached after eating a lobster salad! "Many onions." Here is the gem of this whole address. The consumption of onions—many onions, will make a minister. It will keep off the fumes of the Evil One, leaving him free from temptations of any kind to preach him and make his voice stronger, and his words will have greater weight. Oh, yes, onions, many onions, more onions. For the best sermons.

Would that I had more time and space to devote to the discussion of this little homily on clerical feeding. Great are the ways of science. But greater are the ways of the science that knows it all. As this wonderful science is sure to lead to the discovery of the cloth on Sunday morning the odor of the succulent and inspiring onion—men—will be known to all. On that Sabbath to have one of the "best" sermons.

## The Sleep of Presidents.

PRESIDENT WILSON said when he first came to Washington that he proposed to get nine hours sleep every night or he would resign. He has succeeded in getting pretty well in doing this; sometimes he sleeps as long as ten hours, and while he is up with it, he could recently he took eleven or twelve.

The President is one of those men who can sleep for nine or eight hours at a time, a faculty that has saved many a hard-worked public man from breakdown. Judging by what is said by those who surround him at the White House, he is undoubtedly the hardest and best sleeper who ever slept in the history of the Chief Executive. Neither his immediate predecessors, Taft or Roosevelt, was a long sleeper. They were in the habit of going to bed late at night, or rather early in the morning, and of getting up not later than half-past 7 or 8 o'clock. They were both very sound sleepers also, neither requiring more than seven or eight hours a night to keep him in good trim.

Mr. Taft, however, had a habit, not characteristic of Colonel Roosevelt, of taking a cat-nap at any hour of the day that he felt like it, no matter what his surroundings. He would go to sleep in his office chair after the day's work was done, and those who traveled with him on the long trips he used to say that it was a matter of course that daily occurrence for him to go to sleep while sitting bolt upright in a chair in his private car.—The Pathfinder.

## How They Work.

"THERE are many people in this world who make a fine display but who fall down when it comes to practical knowledge," is the verdict of Helen Lowell, in "Kiss Me Quick."

"For instance," says Miss Lowell: "Two commercial travelers while in a train got into an argument over the action of the vacuum brake."

"It's the inflation of the tube that stops the train," declared the first traveler.

"Wrong, wrong!" shouted the second. "It's the output of the exhaustion."

Then, when the train arrived at the station, they agreed to submit the matter for settlement to the engineer. That gentleman, leaning condescendingly from his cab, listened with an attentive frown to the two travelers' statement of their argument. Then he smiled, shook his head and said:

"Well, gentlemen, you're both wrong about the work of the vacuum brakes. Yet it's very simple and easy to understand. When we want to stop the train we just turn this valve and then we fill the pipe with vacuum."

## EPWORTH LEAGUE

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## "S' Matter, Pop?"



## Fighting With Fate

By ALMA WOODWARD.

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"Twenty-four hours older than I was yesterday. I have twenty-four hours less of my allotted time in which to make good. I planned a lot for those twenty-four hours. Yesterday morning, lying in bed, I worked out the foundation of a business campaign that led to big things and as at rating, I had it all down to a fine point. Everything dovetailed—there wasn't a breach anywhere. I arose, feeling wonderfully energetic and ambitious. Before I had finished dressing, the new-found enthusiasm waned a bit; and, after breakfast it had flickered so low that instead of immediately seeking the office and the day's work I dawdled over the morning papers, glad of any excuse to put off the inevitable grind."

Before I reached my downtown station I found a hundred flaws in the campaign I had planned. The rushing, vital, business-bound crowd absorbed every bit of faith in my own ability. I reached the office the same drab drudge that I had left it the evening before.

And that's what I do every day. In the morning, refreshed by a night's rest with the warm, soft protection of the bedclothes to soothe my imaginings, I build careers; and, at first touch of the outside air, at first contact with people who are trying to reach the same objective point, my assurance and my spirit are sapped from me.

I have passed the day when my people speak of me as a "young husband." I'm not old—but it takes so few twenty-four hours to get from young to old. And when I'm old I'll be in the business world, while the hungry quest for "young blood" goes on. If I can't reach the midway goal when I'm young, what chance will I have at the starting post when I'm old?

I've made as much as the average man. Maybe I've made a little more. But every time a little extra came in I felt I owed myself some luxury. All the extras have been spent in luxuries, always with the fond faith that there was more where that came from.

I have worried and fretted over an unprovided-for old age and the next moment, my wallet bulging with a little unexpected currency, I've "biked" the bunch to celebrate the luck of the moment.

I'm inconsistent. That's the backbone of the trouble. Under the intoxication of my own mental eloquence, I pump confidence into myself. The next moment, the false stimulus removed, I'm flat and crumpled as a deflated balloon. I soar to the heights of improbability and promptly sink to the depths of hopelessness. My feet never touch the level of practicality. I mean over and over again that I will do this or that, and when it's too late, when the door is already creaking on its hinges, I welcome, "Fate!" I'm blamed for the disastrous finale.

I must get awake. I must prod myself into the race if I won't go willingly. Every time I feel like letting fate take care of itself, I must shout into my own ears: "You've got strength. You're not lame. Every old down-and-outer, every decrepit, old sponge, every outcast of whom it said 'Poor fellow, they just didn't run for him, that's all,' waited until it was too late."

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## Can You Beat It?

By Maurice Ketten



late. It's coming to you too. There'll be a time when your successful friends will spend their audible pity upon you. Then they think a touch is coming. Where's your pride? Get yourself together and TODAY place a nucleus, no matter how small, in the best place of safeguarding to guard against the old age bugaboo.

Why, the very thought puts a sort of calm and restfulness in my heart. The energy I've wasted in glum prophecies I'll use seeking feathers to line the nest of my old age. That's what I'll do.

## If He Only Knew.

"I WISH" wished the man who was always wishing for something or other, "I wish I knew the exact spot where I'm going to die."

"You're crazy," said his friend, "to make a wish like that. Why, man, you'd worry and fret all your life, if you knew where you're going to die."

"I would not," said the man, "I never go near the place!"—Boston Post.

Wouldn't Take the Chance.

DUTCH FRYE was in a hotel in a Western city one day when a man whom he knew slightly rushed up to him and handed him this:

"Dutch, lend me \$100. I've been drinking a little too much since I've been in old town, and I've used up all the money I brought with me. Furthermore, the hotel is very strict, and has a rule that no drinks can be served in the room of a guest unless he is ill in bed and has a doctor's certificate to show for it. The fact is, Dutch, I have already had pneumonia, diphtheria, asthma, congestion of the lungs, inflammation of the throat, and a host of other ailments, and I'm sure you know it."

"Take the hundred," said Dutch, solemnly. "I'm afraid if you keep on you might have some fatal disease."—Popular Magazine.

The Test of Teachers.

SUNDAY afternoon the infant's class had come to an end and the teacher closed her book, more than satisfied with the interest which had been shown by the boys throughout the lesson, says the Houston Post.

Before departing, however, she decided to try to reap some of the fruit of her labor; so, turning to the class, she said:

"Now, would any of you like to ask me any questions? I have a few minutes to spare, so if there is anything you want to know don't hesitate to ask."

Little Freddy rose to his feet with an eagerness which delighted his instructor.

"Please, teacher," he inquired, "with out the semblance of a blush, 'have you got any cigarette pictures on you?'"

"Some kind of an animal, Bobby? What do you mean?"

"Why, mother's a dear, you know."

"And my baby sister's mother's little lamb, and I'm the old and dad's the cat."—Chicago Record-Herald.

## Use For Appendix

R. E. ROBINSON, in a paper presented at the British Academy of Medicine, announces his method for determining cancer in the first stages. This has heretofore been very difficult, because of the confusion with tuberculosis symptoms and other growths of various kinds not cancerous. Dr. Robinson, after experimenting on hundreds of patients, declares his formula infallible. The formula he communicated to the academy is a hypodermic solution. Then the temperature of the patient is taken every three hours. If it mounts from one-half to one and one-half degrees the disease is cancer, otherwise the temperature remains stationary. Tests have been made 300 times in Paris hospitals with satisfactory results.

It has always been a question whether the appendix is of any use at all, but Dr. Edmund Perrier has just told the French Academy of Sciences that the appendix excites the functions of digestion and excretion, and he says it should not be removed except in cases of absolute necessity. After experimenting on animals, with their appendix removed as in human beings, Dr. Perrier discovered that the secretions of the gland had a strong effect on the intestinal muscles, and makes a strong plea that the Academy should suggest to French surgeons that they cease from performing appendix operations for any but urgent reasons.

Propolis, or bee glue, is a waxy or resinous substance collected by bees from the buds of certain trees and applied by them to the stopping of holes and crevices in their hives, strengthening their cells, and to other purposes. It is a natural disinfectant, and yields an unctuous brownish liquid, to which the name of propolis has been given. Propolis has proved to be an admirable varnish for wounds, covering the well-cleaned surface with an effective, soothing and protective coating, and in France its great usefulness for general surgery and for burns has been shown by the experiments of Parvizi and Mayer. Used either alone or with a little vasoline, it has given perfect isolation from bacterial infection, with the best conditions for speedy and uninterrupted healing.

Defining Love and Life.

PHILOSOPHY in popular phraseology is one of the greatest products of the cloakrooms in the Capitol in Washington. Senators and Representatives, keen observers of human nature and full of ideas, pull stuff that makes the old German wizard sound foolish and glib.

In the Democratic cloak room of the House, not long ago, a statesman, having discussed at length the tariff, currency reform, and the Central American situation, announced kindly:

"I'll tell you fellows the difference between life and love."

Everybody immediately expressed eagerness to know the difference.

"Life," he said, "is just one fool thing after another. Love is just two fool things after each other."—Popular Magazine.

## Mr. Jarr Assists in the Theft Of a High-Power Racing Auto

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"OW, I tell you what to do," whispered Dr. Gilbert Gumm, as, after taking from the men's dressing room the stairs after Miss Irene Cackberry. "We'll swipe Jack Silver's racing car and give him the laugh."

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Being a regular or union Fatsy Boliver, however, Mr. Jarr did not make the scathing reply he thought of when too late. No; he followed Dr. Gilbert Gumm and Miss Irene Cackberry down the stairs and away from Mrs. Jarr's high society tango dance and reception and the spiked claret punch.

Close to the curb stood the great gray machine. Walking up and down beside it was a thickset, dark-skinned young man.

"Is that the Jap valet Sukkotah?" whispered Dr. Gumm. "Get him away. We've come down to give Jack's racing car the once over."

"Must be cold waiting. Ed. Give Sukkotah a dollar and let him go to Gus's and get a hot Scotch."

Such is the power of the initiative that Mr. Jarr yielded up the dollar. He afterward remembered that Gus's popular price for hot Scotches was 15 cents.

"Oh, I'm just crazy to ride in a racing car!" gushed Miss Irene Cackberry as the guardian of the car turned to Gus's place. And she clambered into the car. "Why, it's like sitting on the floor," she remarked, "the seat is so soft."

"Start her up, Jarr, old fellow!" said the affable young dentist as he also clambered over the low freeboard of the speedster.

"Do you know how to run it?" asked Mr. Jarr, dubiously.

"There isn't any kind of machinery I don't know all about. Did you ever see me run a dental engine?"

"Well, throw in the self starter," said Mr. Jarr, but his heart misgave him. "It won't work," replied Dr. Gumm. "Crank her over for me, old top. Hurry, before the Jap comes back!"

"Who has ever cranked a crank a hundred and twenty horse-power car that it has stood in the cold for several hours?" Mr. Jarr, like the big, booby of the starting crank and with a mighty effort turned it over.

"Spin it! Spin it!" cried Dr. Gilbert Gumm, impatiently. "Just turning it over once won't start it!"

"Yes, you don't start it!" asked Miss Irene Cackberry impatiently. "The Japanese valet may be back any moment. Oh, dear! Why is he so stupid?"

She meant why was Mr. Jarr so stupid. Mr. Jarr was a crank a hundred and twenty horse-power car that it has stood in the cold for several hours?

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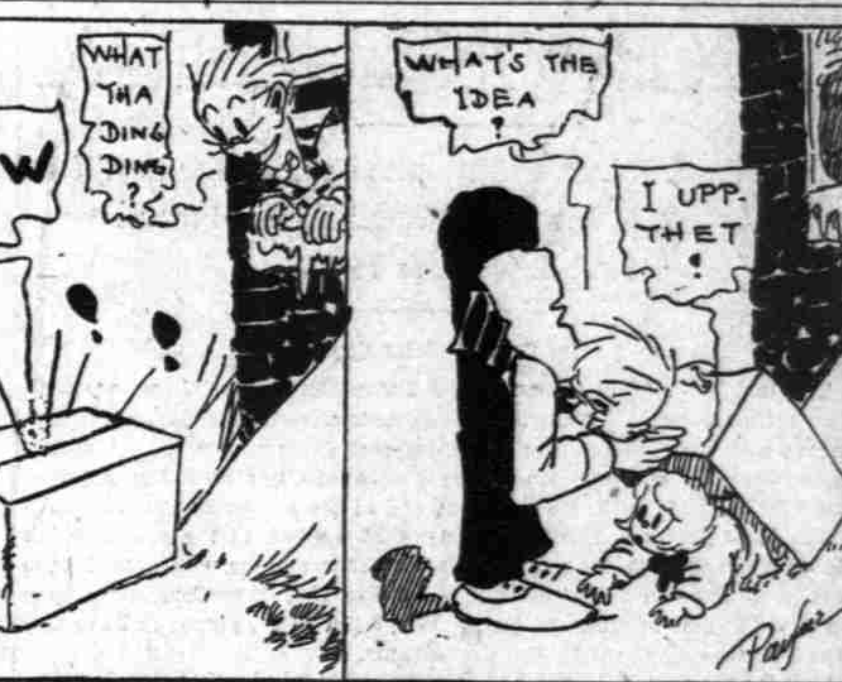
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